ane pzemonitioun to the barnis of Leith

A Ne Cũning Clerk Experience
And Maister of Intelligence,
New landit in Inchekeith:
This lytill Scroll schortly sends
To all that the gude caus defends
That is the barnis of Leith.

☞ Becaus I hard of ane Conuẽtion
How to be maid for this dissentioun
That is into this land,
That anis thair may be finall pace:
How sone I vnderstude the cace,
I maid me to frahand.

¶ To send this Scroll in a gayth
That nane of zow kep ony skayth
For lak of Pzemonitioun:
For ostrymes into trearing trewis
Cũis tydingis pat richt mony rewis
Be Tratozie and Sedition.

☞ As for exempillis gif I list
I haue anew wald I insist
Bath Forane and at hame
Bot to my purpois to proceid
Of peace and concord thair is neid
In pure Scotland be name.

¶ Quhilk neuer in sic perrell stude
Hen that our Lord deit on the Rude
Fouill fall thame hes the wyte:
For it is ourgane with a flude,
Of murther and of lawles blude:
Allace for leif to flyte.

Scotland this blude hes first begun,
And lang in bludscheddingis hes run,
Ane Patrone of mischeif:
The rest at it begunnis to leir
Allace that pitie is to heir
I pray God send releif.

☞ For innocẽts ar murtherit downe
Without remors in land and towne,
Quhat leid may leif on lyfe:
And thay hald gait I trow frahand
Sic murther salbe in all land
Of Childzen man and wyfe.

That seis als greit as Noyis flude
Sall drowne ye warld of mãis blude
Quhat mischeif do thay mene:
Sone cursit barrell as I trow
Quhilk thay at Trent did all anow
Thay think now to sustene.

For murtherars dois all conspidder
Thay and ye Papists rynis togidder
Thay ar ane blyssit pak.
And thair wer not a God abone
I wald be sleit I tell zow, sone
That all suld gang to wrak.

Bot sa lang as our God dois Ring
Quhilk salbe ay without ending
We neid not for to feir.
Thocht pai suld all run by pair mynd
Our God to vs salbe sa kynd
Thay sall vs neuer deir.

Bot zit sen baith in France and heir
Thay haue one hurt as dois appeir
That is to cut all doun,
That Justice lafis and haitis vice
Thairfoir my ladds of Leith be wice
Se ken zour warisoun.

☞ I pray zow all be circumspect
Zour enemeis dois not neglect
Occasiounis to ourtryle zow,
And gif thay may thay will not spair
Ourther be fouill play or be fair,
Agane zit to begyle zow.

Se haue mair neid thame now to feir
Nor quhen thay come in feir of weir
Downe to the Gallow Ley:
For than ze knew thay wer zour fais
Bot now thay cum in freindis clais
Quhilk is ane surer sey.

☞ I speik not this that ze suld stay
From zour Cõuentioũ and zour day
Or ony wayis dissaue thame:
Bot that ze may prouyde befoir
To haue ane pyn for euery boir,
And to be richt war with thame.

☞ Se knaw thair faith in tymes past
Thairfoir luke that ze feftin fast,
And tak gude tent about zow:
For trewly and ze be not wyse
Se sall not mys to se ane gyse
That sall not weill content zow.

And zit I rid yame leaue yair tressoũ
And cum be weill content of ressoun,
Sen Fortoun with a Reill
Hes wrocht thame ane vnabill charr
And blawin thame blind or thay wer
With turning of hir Quheill. (warr

☞ For quhy befoir thay did pretend,
The Quenis authozitie to defend,
To gar men trow thay ludehir:
Howbeit yai wald haif wist hir sworn
Intil a bait vpõ Lochlowmõd (mãd
But bodduin air or Ruther.

Thairfoir hir caus thay did procure
Becaus yai thocht yat scho was sure
And keipit to thair hand:
Bot zit sic farleis hes bene sene
That Frãce wil haif hir brocht hame
And fred out of Ingland. (Quene

☞ And gif that be I wald thay wist,
That sũ of thame mon flit thair fist,
For all this brawling beir:
Bot sillie saulis thay ar sa daft
Thay ken nathing I trow, bot craft:
Thay ar bot zit to leir.

¶ It wer ane pitie to begyle thame
I wald blind Jamie wald gang wile
The moyane for till find: (thame
How that yai micht eschew ye quene
And that thay micht (the parrel sene)
Eso saill ane vther wyne.

Zea thocht sum leuch & sum did dãce,
Quhen thir blak tydingis come fra
Blind Jamie tauld me ells. (France
That quyerly yai newis did fyk yame
And sum of thame dois cum mislyke
Als meikle as zour sells. (thame

Thairfoir I trow and thay be wyse,
Thay sall leaue of thair Interpryse
And rather gre with zow:
Nor with the hous of Guyis to mell
Quha is als godles as thair sell
And kens thair gynips I trow.

Sor get yat heus yair hãd abone yame
I wed my heid yat yai sal rone yame
And trym yame for thair triks:
Se thay can think on auld done deids
For I zint barne the fyre ay dreids,
Thay will not thole sic prikis.

I wald fane warne zow of al dãgers
I counsal zow be war with strangers
What halds zow baith in hand,
I dreid ze ly lang be the eiris,
Or thay think time to end the weiris
And troubill in this land.

¶ It wer gude gif ze culd aggre
Amang zour selfis and let thame be
Se may wit quhat I mene:
For quhẽ yat strãgers reuls zour rollt
It wilbe sure on Scotlands coist
As hes bene hard and seue.

¶ And wer ze weill aggreit I tell
Than Scotland micht do for the sell,
And set als lytill by thame
As thay do it for all thair power
thay wald be fane to seik zour fauour
And to zow als apply thame.

☞ Bot still aggree and ze delay
Than Scotland will be bot ane pray
As will be schortly sene:
Till gredie Gormondis waitand on
Quhen thay may se occasion
To rute zow all our clene.

For sword and derth hes zow oppress
And also ze haue felt the Pest
Bot zit few dois amend:
Than desolatioun is the last,
Of Gods plagues quhẽ thir ar past,
Quhilk dounles he will send.

Zea I foirspeik eeis not thir weiris,
The tyme sall cum within few zeiris
That nane of Scottis blude:
In Scotland dar him self anow,
Mair nor in Jurie dois the Jow
For feir of Nationnis rude.

☞ Than sall zour pure posteritie
In wandering wyde fra this cõuntrie
Among all vther Nationnis,
Cry out and murne with woful cheir
That pitie salbe for till heir,
Thir kynd of exclamationnis.

¶ Allace that euer thay wer borne,
That dwelt in Scotland vs before
And loist vs sic ane land,
quhilk our forbears ane thocht ours
With plesãd castells townis & towrs
And all things at commans.

Sum Lords sum Lairds sũ les degre
Thair commoun welth and policie
As ony Nationn had,
And now na Scottisme in dar be thair
Allace quhat hart will not be sair
To se Scottismen sa sad.

☞ Than sall thay warie curse & ban
The murtherars yat yir weiris begã
Quhen Chronickles thay reid,
Thã Edinburgh that Castell strang
Sall wareit be that stude sa lang
Sic murther for to feid.

Thairfor yir plaigs wald yai eschew
I counsall thame in tyme to rew
And thair mischeif repent:
Quhilk gif thay do ze may aggre
Bot otherwise na pace salbe
Thocht ze thairto consent.

For thocht that Saul wil Agag spair
Zit God will haue his will but mair
Fulfillit or he lace:
Gif this ze do not vnderstand
Speir at John Durie or John Bzãd
Thay will expone the place.

thocht murtherars says yat yai thrist
Zit let na nobill mẽ of gude (blude
Be craft that was brocht on it
And rewis yat yai haif tane sic part,
Repenting trewly from thair hart
Feir, thocht Johne Knox expone it

Bot gif yat thay grow proud & heich,
And skar at zow as thay wer skeich,
And on na wayis will bow thame:
Let yame pas on to thair defensis
It salbe on thair awin expensis
Or all be done I vow thame

Than quhidder ze conuene or nocht,
Keip thir premissis in zour thocht
Se that of Leith ar barnis:
The abstinence drawis neir ane end,
Thairfoir I pray zow now attend,
Think on Experience warnis.

FINIS.

☞ Imprentit at Sanctandzois be
Robert Lekprevik. 1572.